Fear In High Places.

A famous steeple climber was asked if he ever felt fear in his business.

"Of course I feel fear at times," he answered. "Fear is common to all mankind. Not to feel fear is not courage. To overcome fear is the true quality of courage. I divide the nerve force of a man into two parts—the impelling force and the restraining force—the same impelling force that causes a body of recruits at first to run under fire and the restraining force that causes them to overcome for various reasons the first natural fear. So, in climbing, one unused to it is by the natural impelling force of his nervous system afraid, afraid that his legs, his arms, his support, will give way and plunge him down. Shakespeare, who touched on all human emotions, touched on this feeling of fear in high places when in 'King Lear' he pictured Edward at the cliffs of Dover.

"The one way to get over the natural fear is by some restraining force from either within or without. I remember once when a new boy at sea was ordered aloft by the mate he trembled with fear and begged to be let out of it. 'Upon my soul, sir, I can't go up there.' This was his first impelling impulse. But when the mate touched him up with a rope's end he was at the top of the mast so quick that the mate could not follow him. The pain on his outer nerves brought him to his senses and made him exert his restraining force. So if you happen to be with any one who shows signs of fear in a high place a few smart slaps on the face will bring him to himself. The right medicine for unconquerable fear in a high place is immediate pain on the outside nerves."—Boston Transcript.

An Iron Czar.

In the "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," by Prince Kropotkin, the author says that Alexander II himself, for all he was willing to emancipate the serfs, was a man capable of singular harshness and even brutality. When Kropotkin was promoted and was called with other officers to the side of the czar, the latter congratulated them quietly, speaking about military duty and loyalty. "But if any of you," he went on, distinctly shouting out every word, his face suddenly contorted with anger—"but if any of you—which God preserve you from—should under any circumstances prove disloyal to the czar, the throne and the fatherland, take heed of what I say, he will be treated with all the se-veri-ty of the laws, without the slightest com-misera-tion."

"His voice failed," says the author. "His face was peevish, full of that rage which I saw in my childhood on the faces of landlords when they threatened to skin their serfs 'under the rods.' He violently spurred his horse and rode out of our circle. Next morning, the 14th of June, by his orders, three officers were shot at Modlin, in Poland, and one soldier. Szur by name, was killed under the rods."

Trick of the Sleight of Hand Man.

The Anne Psychologique has an interesting article by M. Binet, the well known French psychologist, on mental suggestion and prestidigitation, in which he shows that sleight of hand and clever tricks do not make a prestidigitateur without a power of "suggestion" on the spectator. A skilled performer has a marvelous power of acting on the secret springs of the will. Thus he can generally make a person choose a figure below ten by the way he asks for it. If he wishes the person to choose five, he runs rapidly over the first figures and dwells a little on "five" to suggest it to the memory. It is also curious that of such figures "seven" is the most likely to be chosen and "one" the least likely.

His Imagination.

During one of the Napoleonic campaigns a Frenchman was tripped up by a spent cannon ball, but without being injured in any way. He thought both his legs had been carried off and lay on the ground all night, suffering excruciating agony and never moving for fear of encouraging the bleeding. Next day the medical officer, coming around, said to him, "What has happened to you, comrade?" "Ah," he answered, "please touch me gently! A cannon ball has carried off both my legs!"

The Oratory of Gallerus.

The oldest Christian structure in Ireland is a remarkable building, evidently very ancient, but wonderfully well preserved, at Dingle, in County Kerry. It is popularly known as the "Oratory of Gallerus." Who Gallerus was history does not say, but as the oratory has stood practically uninjured for more than a thousand years he was probably one of the converts of St. Patrick.

Three Masted Schooners.

It was on the great lakes that the three masted schooner first made its appearance. The unique character of lake navigation created the necessity for this type of sailing craft because of the fact that with this class of vessel sailors could handle the sheets from the deck at times when it was impossible to go aloft in one of those sudden storms which make the life of the lake skipper an uncertain and anxious one. —Ainslee's Magazine.

Lacked Winning Nerve.

"When I was a racing fiend," said the old telegrapher, "I one day got a tip by wire from an operator, a friend of mine in Philadelphia. It read: 'Lillian K sure! Get in with both feet!' I fancied Lillian K myself, so I pawned my watch, borrowed all I could and went to the poolroom. The race was due in about half an hour, and Lillian K was up in the entries all right, but there were no odds against her.

"So I says to the man at the desk, 'What's the odds on Lillian K?' He looked at me like he was too tender hearted to rob a 'come on' and pitched me over a blank ticket and says carelesslike: 'Make out your own odds. I'll take 'em any way you fix it.'

"That was too much of a jolt for me, and I told him to hold on to the ticket for a minute while I went out to see a man. I went out and took a drink and tried to figure whether the man was four flushing or whether I looked any greener than I felt. Then I came back and tried to get my roll out of my pocket, but it wouldn't come, and finally I sat around and watched the report come in, and put me on the blacklist if Lillian K didn't win at 200 to 1, and the only man on it was a little humpbacked shoe pirate with his box under his arm and a dollar in dimes, nickels and coppers."—Washington Star.

Irish Trust and Distrust.

The most trustful people in the world in money matters are the Irish. A stranger can go into any shop and get a check cashed without the least difficulty, though the proprietor never saw him before and never heard of the drawer. Bank notes are very largely used, as almost every bank in the country issues notes worth £1, £2, £3, £5 and upward, and they are all looked upon as being quite as good as gold.

But Bank of England notes, even in the large towns, are looked upon with suspicion, while in remote places people won't take them at all. It is said that this suspicion of English notes is hereditary.

From the time of James II up to 75 years ago the law was such with regard to currency that if an Irishman wanted to pay £100 in England he had to remit £118 6s. 8d., while if he were being paid a debt by an Englishman he received only £85. Naturally he thought rather badly of English money, and in the 190 years during which this state of things continued the Irish people became so deeply convinced that John Bull was cheating them that they still regard the Bank of England as a corporation of robbers.

The Jews In Frankfurt.

George Brandes thus describes the position of the Jews in Frankfurt, Germany, at the beginning of the nineteenth century: "All Jews were forced to live in the narrow, miserable, overcrowded Judengasse (Jew street), their sole abode since the year 1462. At the beginning of night all the inhabitants of the ghetto were locked in. They were not allowed to use the sidewalk while walking in the street in the daytime, but had to take the middle of the street. They had to remove their hats before every passerby, who would call out, 'Jew, make your bow!'

"To prevent too large an increase not more than 14 couples were permitted to marry in any one year. On every festive occasion they were driven into the ghetto. On Sunday the gates were locked regularly at 4 o'clock, and no one was allowed to pass by the guard at the gate except when on an errand with a prescription to the drug store or for the purpose of mailing a letter. One general rule was 'No Jew allowed on a green spot.'" Napoleon abolished this state of affairs in 1810, but it was restored after his downfall.

Thought He Had Been Noticing.

Willie Wishington was trying to be conversational, but the young woman wore glasses and looked severe, and her mother surveyed the scene with an expression of austere toleration. Willie ought to have known better than to call on Monday, wash day, anyhow.

"Have you read any books lately?" asked Willie, with the inane grin which he uses in society.

"Yes," answered the girl.

"Been some pretty good ones written lately, don't you think?"

"I haven't read any recent novels," she answered.

"You ought to read some."

"I find ample entertainment in the classics," was the rejoinder, while her mother looked on with an approving smile.

"Oh, yes: Shakespeare, I suppose. He's a good old classic."

"I read Shakespeare occasionally when I read English. I also read Corneille and Moliere and Goethe and Schiller, but only for diversion. Philosophic studies are my especial occupation at present."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Willie admiringly. "You're getting to be a regular bluestocking, aren't you?"

"A what!" repeated the young woman's mother grimly as she rose to her feet.

"Why, a bluestocking, you know—that is"—

"No explanations are necessary, Amelia. I am going to tell the servant to take in the clothesline at once. Hereafter neither of us will be at home to Mr. Wishington."—Washington Star.

The Assassination of President Lincoln.

ON April 14 just thirty-three years will have passed since President Lincoln was shot down in Ford's Theater, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth. The excitement all over the United States to-day, caused by the war scare, brings to mind the thrill of horror and excitement that passed over the country thirty-three years ago, when, just as the minds of the people had become settled after four years of war, the country was startled by the announcement of Lincoln's assassination.

Announcements had been made in Washington papers that President Lincoln and Gen. Grant, accompanied by their wives, would visit Ford's Theater (now a pension office) on the evening of April 14.

Gen. Grant found it necessary to visit Burlington, N. J., on that memorable 14th of April, and he accordingly sent to President Lincoln a note of regret at his inability to accompany him to the theater that evening, leaving Washington on the 6 p. m. train.

To Schuyler Colfax, then Speaker of the House, the President extended an invitation to attend the theater as late as 8:15 p. m., for it was not until then that the President's party left the White House. President Lincoln manifested a curious reluctance to going, but stated that the papers had advertised that himself and Gen. Grant would both attend, and, since Gen. Grant had left Washington, he did not want to have the audience disappointed, as the people would expect to see at least one of them.

The theater was crowded. The box reserved for the presidential party was the double box forming the second tier on the right-hand side of the stage. The front of the box was decorated with flags and in the center, on the outside, hung an engraving of Washington.

As the Grants had declined an invitation to attend, Mrs. Lincoln invited, in their stead, Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris, and Maj. Henry R. Rathbone, the Senator's stepson.

The play presented was the original version of Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin," as it was always given before the late E. A. Sothern's changes in it, afterwards made to elaborate his still remembered character of Lord Dundreary.

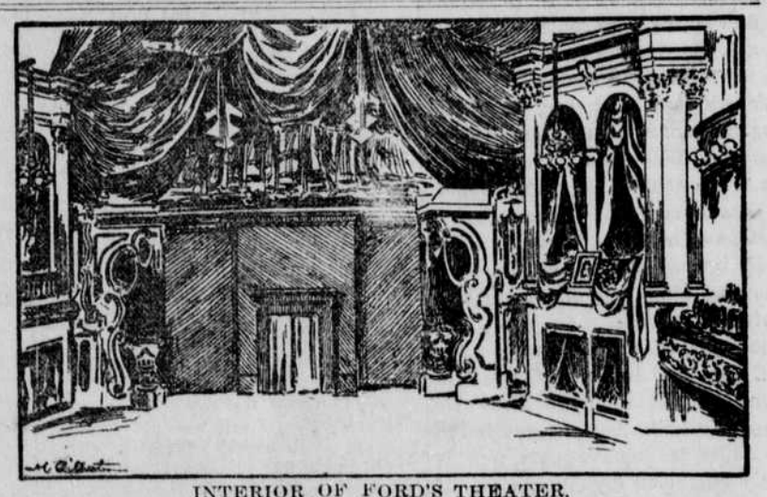
The assassin, Booth, familiar with the theater, visited the box about 9 p. m. looking in for a last survey of the various positions of its occupants. It was supposed, at the time, that it was due to a mistake or the exercise of an impertinent curiosity. Unknown to the presidential party, Booth had, during the day, bored a hole through the door of the box for observation or perhaps to fire through.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

At 10 p. m. Booth again entered the box, quietly holding a pistol in one hand and a knife, or dirk, in the other. Maj. Rathbone rose and asked this intruder his business. Booth rushed past the Major without making a reply and, placing his pistol close to the President's head, actually in contact with it, fired, and instantly sprang upon the cushioned baluster of the box, when he made a backward plunge with his knife, aimed at the face or breast of Mr. Lincoln. Maj. Rathbone, springing forward to protect the President, received the stab in his arm.

It was towards the latter part of the play. Perfect stillness reigned throughout the house. The audience listened to the dialogue between Florence Trenchard and May Meredith, when the pistol shot rang through the theater. It was apparently fired behind the scenes on the right of the stage, and it was accepted by the audience as an introduction to some new passage, several of which had been interpolated in the early part of the play.

Booth had been noted as a leaper, having become habituated to sensational leaps in his repertoire of characters. He leaped nine feet down on the stage, but his spur caught in the flag decorating the front of the presidential box and as he reached the stage he fell, recovering himself in a wonderful way, though his leg was broken. He bounded across the stage, pushing past Miss Laura Keene, who stood near the prompter's desk,



INTERIOR OF FORD'S THEATER.

striking her on the hand with his own, still holding the dagger. As he crossed the stage Booth cried out, dramatically, "Sic semper tyrannis!" and "I have done it!" Once through the side scenes Booth quickly escaped by the rear door of the theater, where a horse awaited him, its bridle held by an employe of the theater whom Booth rewarded with a kick, his agony from his broken leg being intense.

Meanwhile the shrieks of Mrs. Lincoln made clear to the audience the nature of the horrible crime that had just been perpetrated. Pandemonium reigned. Women cried, men hollowed and children screamed. Miss Laura Keene advanced to the footlights and called out: "For God's sake, have presence of mind! Keep your places and all will be well!"

Miss Harris called to Miss Keene to bring some water, which the actress did, and afterwards accompanied Mrs. Lincoln to the house opposite, to which the unconscious President was at once removed. It was found that he had been shot through the head, above the back of the temporal bone, and that some of the brain was oozing out and that death was inevitable.

Within a comparatively short time the terrible news had spread all over Washington, and by midnight every member of the cabinet, except Seward, whose own life was attempted, had gathered at the bedside of their dying chief. Mrs. Lincoln was present, prostrated with grief, and other members of the family, Senator Sumner, Speaker Colfax, military officials of the War Department, several generals and physicians, the latter including Surgeon General Barnes, who had from the first assisted Dr. Stone, the President's family physician.

President Lincoln never recovered consciousness. As day dawned his pulse failed and a look of perfect peace overspread his features. At 7:22 a. m. he ceased to breathe. Rev. Dr. Gurley knelt down and prayed and Secretary Stanton broke the silence which followed with the remark: "Now he belongs to the ages."

The South lost, in Lincoln, one who would have proved to be its best friend, as is, perhaps, now realized. In a letter written to Gen. Van Alen on the last day of his life, Lincoln wrote words that strike the keynote of his character. In it he said:

"I thank you for the assurance you give me that I shall be supported by conservative men like yourself in the efforts I may make to restore the Union so as to make it, to use your language, a union of hearts and hands as well as of States."

Over all the members of that presidential theater party a black and awful fate hung menacingly.

The fate of the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, is too well known for repetition—shot down like a dog, as he was, in a burning barn.

Many have not followed the end of others indirectly associated with the tragedy. The stricken widow of the martyred President passed the balance of her days in melancholia and madness. Of the guests who were with her in the box that night, one slew the other and ended his own life a maniac.

By a curious coincidence, even Sergt. Boston Corbett, who shot Booth in the barn, became insane and was afterwards confined in a Kansas asylum.

VALENTINES OUT OF DATE.

Original Verse, Flowers or Candy Are Now the Proper Gifts.

Valentines are out of date. That is the edict of society. When the 14th of February comes around now the proper caper is to write to your lady fair a few choice stanzas of valentine verse, or, in case of your inability to construct proper rhyme, send around a few bunches of violets or sweet roses or a nice box of candy—a heart shaped box preferred, of course—all tied up with pretty silk ribbons. The flowers and the candy may not last as long as the poetry, but the flowers will be prettier, the candy will taste better and both will be more appreciated.

When it is said that valentines are out of date the statement has to be made, of course, with some reservation. They are out of date as gifts between fashionable adults, but among children they are popular still. Every little lad and lassie watches for the postman on the morning of St. Valentine's day, of course, and is disappointed if the mail brings no love message, no little embossed and painted Cupid. What is meant by the statement that valentines are out of date is that the day of the three-story, fussed and fuzzy, hand-painted, lint and nonsense creation, over which young ladies used to go into ecstasies of delight and young men used to go into bankruptcy, has long been passed. The custom of sending that sort of remembrance is as dead as the custom of New Year's calling. It was never a sensible custom anyway, for no young man felt really repaid in putting a week's salary into a gift to a young lady when, because of the mystery and secrecy that have to be observed in sending valentines, he could not accompany it with his card. It was altogether too discouraging to have his hated rival get the credit for sending a sentimental lot of poetry all done up in fluffy expensiveness for which he had cheerfully emptied his pockets and "gone broke." Valentines of that sort have had their day and belong now to the sweetly remembered past.

Lincoln's Fondness for Grant.

An amusing and possibly instructive anecdote, in which Lincoln and Grant figure, and showing the latter's estimate of cavalry, is related by Mr. William O. Stoddard, for some time one of the former's private secretaries. The general had not long been in command of the Army of the Potomac, when one day Mr. Stoddard asked Lincoln's opinion of him. "Grant," replied the President, "is the first general I've had. He's the general!" Remembering the high esteem in which McClellan, Burnside, Hooker and Meade had been held, Mr. Stoddard asked Lincoln to explain, and this is what he said:

"You see, when any of the rest set out on a campaign they'd look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of and they knew I couldn't give 'em, and tell me they couldn't hope to win unless they had it; and it was most generally cavalry. Now, when Grant took hold, I was waiting to see what his impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, as a matter of course, for we hadn't horses enough to mount even what men we had. There were 15,000 or thereabouts up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day, just as I expected, Grant sent to me for those very men; but what he wanted to know was whether he could disband 'em or turn 'em into infantry! He doesn't ask me to do impossibilities for him, and he's the first general I've had that didn't."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

PRAYER TO ST. VALENTINE.

Hearts or dollars? ah, to which
Should my maiden heart incline?
To be loved or to be rich?
Tell me, good St. Valentine.

Should I scorn the shining gold?
Is a heart a richer mine?
Here I'm waiting to be told—
Tell me, good St. Valentine.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

A wholesaler in this city had one of the brightest and most impressive lectures on advertising read to him by a country merchant last week that he has ever heard in his life. This country merchant is not one of the ordinary merchants. He is a character in his way, a Hibernian, and with his full share of the proverbial wit. This merchant lives in a small city of the State, and buys the better part of his goods in this city. He was on a buying trip, and, passing a wholesale house, he observed paper napkins in the windows. He went in to look at them, for he had sale for such things in his store.

"An' do ye have paper napkins to sell?" he asked of the wholesaler. He did have them, he said. "An' how the divil do I be knowin' that ye have paper napkins to sell, if I don't come down here and happen to see them in the windy? Why don't ye till a man ye have paper napkins? Why don't ye advertise in the Commercial Bulletin? Thin we'd know what ye had to sell." The merchant told him that he did advertise in the Bulletin, which was true.

"Ah, yis," said the merchant. "An' how do ye advertise? Ye put a cut of yer buildin' in the paper. Now, what the divil do I be wantin' to see the cut o' yer buildin' for? I don't care for yer old buildin'. It's what's in yer buildin' that interests me. If ye have paper napkins, say ye have paper napkins, and don't be a showin' us a picture of your big store. That's the way I'm goin' to sell these paper napkins I am buyin' of ye. I put an advertisement in me paper at home to tell the people of me town thet I have paper napkins to sell and the price they have to pay for them, and be the powers they come and buy thim." This wholesaler told me that he had more good advertising sense rubbed into him in ten minutes by this merchant than he had found in books in the past ten years.—Hardware Trade.

Cost of Living in Paris.

"To prove that we are economical young women shall I tell you how much we pay at the pension?" writes a girl in the Ladies' Home Journal, who, with a girl companion, is traveling in France and giving the benefit of her experience to girls who may go to the Paris Exposition this year. "The tariff card, tacked on the wall of my rose-twined Marie Antoinette room, says the price is nine francs. Then how do I come to be paying only seven? One learns over here to marchander—'to haggle, to bargain.' If madame's prices read 'from seven francs,' and you write to her asking if she can let you have a room and at that price, she will pobably reply that the only rooms she has unrented cost ten francs. But if you are wise enough to ask her if she has a room for seven francs the answer will be 'yes.' We are, of course, beyond the pale of the bathtub, electric lights and big tips; the maid who cares for our room is satisfied to receive a modest fee, and it is with a thrill of delight that we pick up our candlesticks and say 'good-night' just as they do in novels. We are comfortable and happy on two dollars per day. The fact that we are alone does not bring us a moment's annoyance, nor subject us to any unreasonable restraints."

Passing of the Lily.

Bermuda lilies are becoming scarce. If means are not soon adopted on behalf of this branch of the lily family it will soon, like the buffalo, practically disappear. Although a native of Japan, the Easter lily is best known to Americans as being common in Bermuda. The soil of the island is of peculiar composition, coral dust being an important constituent. It was at one time very rich, but the production of the bulbs of the Bermuda lily has exhausted it to a great extent, hence the danger that the flower will disappear. But the exhaustion of the soil is not the only thing that threatens the lily. The flower itself is suffering from exhaustion. Floriculturists have not yet been able to hit upon a name for the disease. The bulbs are getting smaller year by year.

Using Unemployed Land.

For two years and more Columbus, Ohio, has tried the Pingree plan of using unemployed land as gardens for the poor, and has found it practical and eagerly adopted by those who are in need of help. Last year the number of families who tried it was more than double that of the year before. Sixty widows were among those who preferred the potato patch to the washboard. Every city would be the better for allowing its waste and unemployed land to furnish food for those who are poor, and who are glad to work in the fields for their support.

A Beggars' Trust.

According to the New York police most of the successful beggars in that city belong to a trust. The beggars' trust is said to own a large house in Brooklyn, which provides every description of beggars' supplies, including bogus wooden arms, legs, humpbacks, pitiful placards for alleged blind men and cripples, etc. The beggars pay the trust a certain percentage of their earnings, and the trust regulates the hours of their labor, selects the districts, furnishes a list of charitably disposed people and looks after members when ill.

Good fortune seldom travels around in an automobile looking for you.

Charity is religion with its coat off.